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R V T H
REVIVED.



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†



TO THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,
and vertuous Lady the Lady ANNABELLA
ATKINS, late wife to the lately decea-
fed worthy Knight Sr HENRY
ATKINS, now a Widow,
Health & Happinesse.

§ § § §

MADAM your continued love
May this Dedication move,
Thankfulnesse to you I owe,
These few lines to all men show.
This small peece it selfe presents,
Happy, if it you contents.

With a Widdow low aspires,
For high patronage desires,
Prayes you meeknesse in her losse,
Virtue shining in the crosse,
He beyond all men was wise,
That said, † Goe and doe likewise;

† Luk. 10. 37.

A 2

Loft

THE EPISTLE

*Lost you have an husband deere,
I a friend without a peere.
Though your Sun have lost his light,
Yet the Moon and Stars so bright,
You, and yours, unto the end
My best wishes shall attend.*

*God confirm, the God of truth,
You his servant, like faire Ruth.
May your Children † Obeds be
God to serve in high degree.
When your stars their race have run,
God advance their glories Sun.
† Servants,*

*So prayeth Your Ladyships
unknown, yet well known,
and much obliged friend*

S. R.



RUTH Revived.

Sing the praise of *Moabs* choicest flowre,
The fairest blossom in that foulest bowre;
The poorest widdow, and the richest wife,
The nurse of patience and the bane of strife,
Her patterne shineing like a Starre,
Her prime praise, a jewell fetcht from farre.
Here I begin her trialls to unlooke,
Thou flowre of *Iesse* springing from this stocke,
Thou greatest Saviour of the meanest men
Thy thoughts enlighten, guide, direct my pen.
That thee in her my muse may still embrace,
That puts such treasure in so slight a case.
Now proceed. Pursue the text with might,
No card, no compasse, can guide halfe so right.
Send no lying Legend into light,
No Jewish tale, no Popish walking sprite,
No Turkish *Alkaron* the East to gull,
No *Limbus-lyes* to fill *Monkes* purses full.
My surest warrant is the greatest God,
That sent in *Judah* that tormenting rod:

That furious famine in the *Judges* dayes,
 Which gives a sad beginning to our Laves.
 The power of *Judges* was too small to guide:
 The people Kinglesse dayly start aside.
 The Iudge of *Judges* takes the cause in hand,
 Sends a sore famine to torment the land.
Judah now sighs, and now the house of bread
 * *Bethlehem*, leaves her breadlesse people dead.
 Here sinkes the Husband, yonder lyes the Wife,
 The sonne, the daughter, loose their dearest life.
 The land of promise is no resting place:
 The Saints must leave the sacred seat of grace.
 Mee thinks I heare *Elimelech* sadly sing,
 Must I forsake thy land my God, my King?
 Must I my dearest *Judah* bid farewell?
 Must I with spurious *Moabites* goe dwell?
 Shall I by filthy *Moabs* favour live,
 To save that life that *Israel* did give!
 First let this soule out of this body fly,
 And where I cannot live, there let me dye.
 But whether goe I? Nature calls me backe.
 Gods land I may, and not Gods favour lacke.
 The wind may turne: the furious storme may fall:
 Famine drives out, whom plenty may recall.
 * *Bethlehem* that is the house of bread. * *Elimelech* signi-
 fies my God and King.

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Moab pilgrime by an higher doome,
 May happe in *Bethlehem* *Judah*, finde a tombe.
 But say I doe not? Say in *Moab* I
 Conclude my daies, with *Lots* posterity:
 May not my soule mount to an heavenly throne,
 Shew them the way their grand-father hath gone?
 And if resolv'd to cast my life away,
 Must I my dearest *Naomy* betray?
 My love, my joy, my comfort, must she dye?
 Must loving *Mahlon*, dead must *Chilion* lye?
 O cruell father, hu band most unkind,
 O how these bitter stormes distract my mind?
 Why were not *Judahs* loynes my hiding place?
 Or why doth famine *Judahs* townes deface?
 But empty words the belly will not fill,
 Nor windy reasons, hungers mallice kill:
 Where God drives out, no man can bide? 'tis true.
 Farewell deare *Bethlehem*, *Judahs* fields adue.
 Come *Naomy*, come, come loving tender peere;
 Come *Mahlon*, *Chilion*, come my children deare:
 'Tis some allay unto my sorrowes dread,
 With you, not from you to be banished.
 Thus said, thus done, *Elimelech* leads the way;
 His wife, his children make no longer stay.
 Soone had they left th' unholy holy land:
 Soone doe their wearied legs in *Moab* stand.

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 Soone had they left th'unholy holy land:
 Soone doe their wearied legs in *Moab* stand.

What welcom there these pilgrims might expect,
They can tell best, that best know *Moabs* sect.

* Are these that ancient wonder-mongers bud,
That talke of streames, and rivers turnd to blood,
Of seas divided, and of *Iordan* cleft,
Of Kings, of crownes, of townes of dwellers rest?
Are these the servants of the unseen God;
Scourgd with the plague of hungers biting rod?
Are these the Saints, that others call prophane,
Who bragge of soules, and suffer bodies bane?
Now well fare *Chemosh*, that our store-house fills,
When great *Iehovahs* people famine kills.

Wonders are ceast, and they are stricken dumb,
Alas, alas, where is their God become?

Elimelech thinks 'tis best to goe and see:

His heart growes faint, his spirits wearied be.

His eyes that cannot now see God, grow dimme.

He holds it safest for to goe to him.

He breaths his last, his soule ascends on high
From *Moabs* land, from *Moabs* scoffes to fly.

Stay *Naomy*, stay, forbear a while to weep,

Thy funerall teares for other funeralls keep.

Solace thy selfe by turnes with either sonne:

Provide them wives, thy marriage is undone.

Elimelech's gone, and *Naomy* wants a guide,

* The scoffing speech of the *Moabites*.

Maablon

RUTH REVIVED.

Mahlon a spouse, and *Chilion* wants a bride:
 Her husbands losse her children must repaire:
 He dyes unmourn'd, that dyes without an heyre.
 Now *Moabs* daughter's for their marriage bed:
 Now *Ruth* must *Mahlon*, *Orph* must *Chilion* wed.
 Ten yeares these pilgrims *Moabs* land doe hold,
 Then *Mahlon* dyes, and *Chilion*, neither old.
 Looke how some swelling flood beyond his bounds
 Inlook'd for comes, afflicts the neighbouring
 Makes cattel silent fly, expels the dambs, (grounds,
 That after long, stand bleating for their lambs:
 So *Naomies* teares her talking power benumb:
 Small grief is prating, where great sorrow's dumb.
 Not like an image sorrows image stands:
 Nor move her eyes, nor stirr tongue, feet nor hands.
 Not freed at length from sorrows prison strong,
 She thus begins her sad lamenting song.
 Unhappy wife first, now unhappy mother.
 She waves the tone, griefe still pursues the tother.
Elimechs losse these pictures doe revive.
 How happy was I while he was alive.
 Happy in him under th' Almightyes rod:
 My help, my stay, my comfort under God.
 Happy had I been, if my latest breath
 Had him excus'd, had I then stoopt to death.
 That lov'd *Elimelech* might have clos'd mine eyes,
 This

Mahlon

This soule had rid in triumph to the skyes.
 His death did open first my sorrows doore:
 And God that made me rich hath made me poore
 Was't not enough to loose my dearest mate?
 Alas what sinnes we mortalls perpetrate.
 That that all-good all-kind, all-loving one
 Cuts short our comforts, till he leave us none,
 Had *Mablon* liv'd, had *Chilion* staid behind,
 Some comfort yet my wearied soule would find.
 Or had my younger yeares these sorrows vex
 While strength did last, I had been lesse perplex:
 While bodies greenesse moisture would have bred
 To shed those tears, might have embalmd the dead,
 While pow'rs of mind and spirit fresher still
 Had made those crosses stoop unto my will,
 That now come rouling in so great a gust,
 Threaten to lay this body in the dust.
 This treble losse, this crosse, this wofull rent,
 Addition sad to ten yeares banishment,
 Had it alas in *Judahs* townes befell,
 Though ill begun, it might have ended well;
 Where friends, where kindred might my griefes
 (assuage,
 Where sacred comforts might uphold mine age.
 Here here with base idolatours forlorne
 What can I look for but for *Moabs* scorne?

Where if I could esteem my sorrows light,
 How could I beare Gods holy names despite?
 Hee thinks I beare proud *Moabs* daughter sing,
 Some lofty ditties on the warbling string:
 To serve *Iehovah* who would not accord,
 That shewes himselfe a great a mighty Lord?
 Whose faithfull servants are with sorrows blest,
 While our despised Idols give us rest.
 Avoid proud vaunters, 'tis th' Almightyes hand,
 To call me back to Gods neglected land.
 And in good time now *Judahs* full of bread;
 Gods people hath Gods mercy visited.
 The stately dames of *Moabs* cursed brood
 Cannot upbraid us now, for wanting food,
 Once mine eyes can *Israels* land descry,
 In *Israel* will I live, in *Israel* dye.
 And thou great God corrector of my sinne,
 That erst didst cast me out, now take me in.
 Receive my body to thy holy land:
 Receive my soule where soules of mine doe stand.
 Since had this worthy matrone made an end,
 When comes *Orpah*, *Ruth* comes to attend,
 Night, the world scarce ere saw such another,
 No widdow-daughters, and a widdow-mother.
Orpah bewayles her *Chilion* new deceast:
 The scoffes of the *Moabitish* women. * *Naomi* goes on.
 And

And *Ruth* commends her *Mahlon* now at rest.
 But *Naomi* weeps. Alas, my griefe's alone.
 Yours is but single, mine is three to one.
 Not long in counsell these sad widdows sit,
 Till they conclude a pilgrimage most fit.
Moab must now be left sad sorrows stage:
Indah must be the pillar of their age.
 Stoutly resolv'd, and all things settled there,
 These women-pilgrimes cast aside all feare.
 Manlesse they walke to finde the holy place,
 The sacred seat of comfort and of grace.
 Now *Moabs* playnes, and *Iordans* pleasant flood
 Appare in sight, and cheere old *Naomies* blood.
 Shee stands and lookes her daughters in the face,
 Daughters in law, not daughters both in grace.
 Feares least the swinge of their corrupted will,
 Draw back from *Indahs* good, to *Moabs* ill.
 Deeming it safer not to touch Gods flowres,
 Then to returne to *Moabs* cursed bowres.
 And not contented with externall signes,
 Their close intentions thus she undermines.
 My dearest daughters back returne againe:
 Each hath a mother her to entertaine.
 Sufficiently your love you have exprest
 To me, to your dead husbands now at rest.
 Perhaps the want of Native soyle may grieve you,

And
Ruth and

RUTH REVIVED.

9

And parents lost, when I cannot relieve you:
 A barren land affords much discontent,
 That wit cannot fore-see, nor art prevent.
 Your Mothers house your safest harbour is.
 Stormes swell abroad, when nothing's there amisse
 Or if your hearts desire some other bowre
 Loath to be subject to a mothers powre,
 Your lovely yeeres of marriage bands admit;
 You may be wines, be joyfull mothers, yet.
 And God Almighty give you peace and rest
 Each in her kindest husbands dearest breast.
 This heavy farwell sealed with a kisse
 To *Orpah* none, to *Ruth* no farwell is:
 Sighs follow sighs, & teares are drown'd in teares:
 Their eyes declare what love their spirit beares,
 How can we frame without thee to returne,
 Whose sad departure makes our soules to mourne.
 Nature could nere frame in a mothers brest
 That gracious love thou hast to us exprest.
 Our buried husbands in our bosomes live:
 None like the first can stately *Moab* give.
 Our Mother, Husband, countrie's in thy brest:
 Goe you toth' worlds end, there our feet shal rest.
Naomi gript with grieve and swell'd with teares
 Begins afresh to forecast future feares.
 Distilling drops of sorrow from her eye
 And *Ruth* and *Orpah*'s speech.

To

To their sad answer giues a sad reply.
 Turn, turn my daughters, turn yee back again,
 Why will yee strive to walk with me in vain?
 A dying stock which earth of sap bereaves,
 Affords no buds, no blossomes, nor no leaves:
 No yearely fruit doe from that standard come:
 Nor no green branches from that upright tombe.
 My barren womb no childreū forth can bring.
 Husbands no more can from that fountain spring.
 Turn, turn my daughters, turn yee back again.
 Passe on no further in this weary plain.
 Touch not the waters of our Iordans stream.
 In *Moab* sleep, of *Moabs* plenty dream.
 These furrows age hath in my forehead plow'd,
 These wither'd cheeks, this body sorrow bow'd,
 These trembling hands, dark eyes, this shaking head
 Suit better with the grave, then marriage bed.
 What if some yonker in his luffy prime,
 Whose eyes misguid before his doting time,
 Should with should wooe old *Naomy* for his bride,
 The Rivers passe, the puddles chafe besides,
 What if that ventrous soule, in hasty vaine,
 This present day were taken in the traine?
 What if this night admitted to my bed?
 Nay what if children of that marriage bred?
 What if all these? could yee with patience then
 Widdows

Widdowes remain, till yeares may stile them men.
 Better to take the proffer of the winde,
 Then harbour-bound to bide alone behinde.
 Nay my deare daughters, doe no longer tarry.
 Return to *Moab*, eat and drink and marry.
 It grieves me more for your sakes then mine own,
 Gods heavy hand is thus upon me shown.
 No sooner had this matrone made an end,
 But streams of teares on their faire cheeks descend.
 Suffice it could not, to have wept before:
 Sorrow congeal'd dissolves it selfe the more.
 Yet *Moabs* pleasures are not clean forgot,
 No more then *Sodom*s by the wife of *Lot*,
Orpah (whose neece) with kisse her mother leaves,
 Where faithfull *Ruth* close to her mother cleaves.
Ruth, whose stout heart will *Naomi* once more
 And strain the strings of her resolved love. (prove
 Behold thy sister to her people gon
 Runs to her Gods, whom her soule dotes upon.
 Follow thy sister; see how *Orpah* speeds.
 Let *Moabs* soyle hold those whom *Moab* breeds.
Orpah's recoil *Ruth*'s constancy adorne.
 She to goe backward with her sister scorns. (mov'd
 Windes toss the waves, when rocks doe stand un-
Ruth shews how much her mother deer she lou'd.
 Treat me not to leave thee tender mother,
Naomi's speech to *Ruth*. * *Ruth*'s answer.

The

Widdowes

The world can not afford me such another :
 Where thou goest I goe: nere will I repine.
 Where thy faint members lodge there lodge shall
 With thee for ever will I make abode, (mine.
 Thy people mine, thy God shall be my God.
 Where thou di'st, there will I dye: being dead
 With thine my body shall be buried.
 The Lord doe so to me, the Lord doe more.
 If till death force, I part with thee before.
Naomi with these protestations wone,
 Perceives her purpose will not be undone.
 Resolves no more to wound her tender heart;
 Nor once to move her more for to depart.
 How could my muse ascend in lofty rimes,
 This noble grace, in these ignoble times,
 This female constancy to spread abroad,
 Where males are found unconstant to their God?
 How strong wrought nature to have puld her back
 That must her mother, friends and country lack?
 How powerfull was her sister *Orpas* breach,
 Examples more then strongest precepts preach,
 How beat the pulses of Idolatry,
 That from her cradle still was in her eye,
 What comfort might a pilgrim poore expect,
 In a strange land? nay rather what neglect?
 Suppose kinde *Naomies* presence might her move

She

Naomies
was bi

She old once dead, whence could she look for love?
 Should she remain in *Judahs* land a while?
 Who looks on strangers that are poore and vile?
 Should she to *Moab* looke recourse to have?
 Perhaps her aged mother layd in grave,
 Or if alive, might give this answer true:
 You knew not me once, now I know not you.
 You left mine age to seek another God:
 I leave your youth to this tormenting rod,
 O resolution strong in woman weake,
 That neither these nor many more could breake!
 This courage stout not bred in *Moabs* land,
 Was grafted in by great *Iehovahs* hand.
 Who put the scion in will blesse the fruit,
 And make it sound as loud as *Dauids* lute.
 By this our pilgrimes are, to *Bethlehem* come:
 The city all in uproare, no man dumb.
 Her face so chang'd, her count'nance altered so,
 That most men doubt, Is't *Naomi* or no?
 Call me not *Naomi*, call me *Marah* now,
 A bitter sweet the tast doth worst allow.
 Bitter th' Almighty Lord hath made my lot,
 As though his bounty had me cleane forgot.
 O *Jordan*, *Jordan* thy faire rouling flood
 Dealt non with me, as erst with *Jacob* good.
Naomies speech to the *Bethlehemites*. * *Naomi* is sweet:
Marah bitter.

B

He

He empty went, came full to's aged fire:
 I went out full, but empty doe retire.
 Of *Naomies* name God me deprived hath,
 I have endur'd fierce tokens of his wrath.
 Since God hath plagu'd me with his heavy hand,
 Let *Naomies* name for ever blotted stand.
Ruth and her mother *Bethlehem* hath receav'd,
 Of *Moabs* soyle whom discontent bereav'd.
 As hungry bees that will in winter thrive,
 In summer bring much honey to the hive,
 Fill all the fields, and seize on every flowre,
 With sweetest food t'inrich their winter bowre:
 So all abroad the *Bethlehemites* are spread,
 In every field their people scattered:
 The barley ripe the weighty eares hang down,
 Calls for the strongest reapers of the town.
 Thy providence great God all things exceeds:
 O the deep wisdom of thy wondrous deeds!
 The time, the place, at thy command attend,
 To doe those things thy counsell did intend.
 Was there no land but *Judah* that might serve?
 No town but *Bethlehem* *Ruth* for to preserve?
 No time but barley harvest to come there?
 No field but *Boaz* field to gleane an eare!
Boaz *Elimelechs* kinsman neare in blood,
Boaz the stay of *Naomies* widdow-hood.
 Whose treasure great, whose fields with come
 O'respread.

Whose flocks increasing store and plenty bred.
Ruth lives in want, and *Naomi* is poore.
 Corne growes in fields, and hunger within doore.
 Abroad must *Ruth* her hands must gather graine,
 Her paines-past aged mother to maintaine.
 Her mothers leave and counsell doth she crave.
 *The fields are wide, and many masters have.
 Some one may cast on me a gracious eye,
 And give me way to gleane, pray let me try.
 Goe goe my daughter, *Naomi* replies:
 God give thee favour in some good man's eyes:
 Shee went, shee came, the reapers shee pursu'd:
 Gleaning in *Boaz* field her many view'd.
 Shee left her kindred old in forraine lands,
 And here shee falls into new kindreds hands.
 In *Bethlehem* *Boaz* could no longer stay:
 To field he comes about the heat of day.
 The masters pray'r with servants labour suite:
 His painfull workmen kindly he salutes.
 The God without whose blessing labour's lost,
 With you: be your labours never crost.
 As like an eccho blessing they repay:
 In *Salmons* heire Gods blessings ever stay.
 How marvaile plenty hath their famine drown'd,
 How marvaile corne in *Judahs* land abound,
 Where *Canaans* sacred language beares the bell,

* *Boaz* speech.

B 2

Blessings

Blessings in great, blessings in mean men dwell.
 Our townes; our fields are of another sound:
 No blessings there, but curses store are found.
 Each gleaning begger; and each reaping clown
 Lacks not a curse to cry Gods honour down.
 And doe we marvaile famine keeps us under?
 To thrive by cursing were a greater wonder.
 Murraings & plagues, that in our tongues have bred,
 Afflict our flocks, and lay our people dead.
Boaz by this time casting's eyes aside,
 Among his maids a lovely Damsell spide.
 Modesty sate on her well coloured face,
 And beauty strove with modesty for place.
 Some secret symptomes of some future good,
 Begin betimes to boyle in *Boaz* blood.
 The sight of *Ruth*, a widdow, poore, distrest,
 Kindles great flames in wealthy *Boaz* brest.
 But let me first his carefull mind commend,
 Who left a servant reapers to attend,
 That while he must to city labours yield,
 Least reapers lazy be, least gleaners steale,
 And yet least pilfering servants falsly deale,
 He in the town, he in the field doth pitch,
 Least earth make poor, whom heaven would make
 Nor doe I here commend an earthy soule, (rich,
 Within whose orbes no heavenly stars doe rowle:
 That mindes the world before the day be light:

That

That mindes the world when sun-shine ends in
 No, I commend that even bended bow, (night.
 That doth not slight what heavens doe bestow.
 Nor stretch to farre his neighbour to outreach,
 But heav'nly love in earthly cares doth teach.
 The Saints are poore: to them thy bounty deale:
 To good men give, but let not bad men steale.
 Soft, soft my muse, forsake this craggy knot:
Ruth and her *Boaz* are well nigh forgot.
 The servant set the fields to oversee,
 Can best account give what the strangers be.
 * Tell, steward tell, for *Boaz* longs to know,
 This damsel whose? wheredid this fair flowr grow?
 * In *Moabs* gardens did this Lilly spring,
Naomies hand did it to *Indah* bring.
 This is that damsell, for our *Naomies* good,
 That did forsake her country, and her blood.
 At *Bethlehem* pincht with penury, and want,
 And in the city finding friendship scant,
 To field she came, and modestly desir'd
 Among the sheaves to gleane, for need required.
 My selfe, the reapers all, can witnesse be
 Other faire dealing, fast fidelity,
 Her paines that all the day to labour prest
 Save in the house a while, did never rest.
 The servant *Boaz* will no longer woe:

* *Boaz* question. * The servants answer.

B. 3

Another

Another object his thoughts tend unto.

Ruth must be welcom'd into *Judahs* bounds,

Boaz the first, that this loud welcome sounds.

*Harken my daughter seeke no other field,
No other corne, then what my land doth yield.

Depart not hence, if company be scant.

My maids are ever here, thou shalt not want.

Observe the reapers: where they labour, see:

Be they the loadstone, thou the needle be.

Touch thee who dares. Have I not giv'n command?

Within my fields who dares my charge withstand?

If summer's heat thy body faint have made,

Behold the vessells stand in yonder shade. (drawn

What the stout youths to quenoh their thirst have

Take thou the share of, of my love the pawn.

Ruths fainting spirits, *Boaz* kindnesse cheers:

A crimson blush on her faire face appears.

As low as earth her lowly body bends,

Falne on her face this answer back shee sends.

How comes great *Boaz* for to be thus kind?

How finds a stranger harbour in his mind?

Whence comes this grace, an exile poore to know,

That all her life was ne're brought halfe so low,

In *Moab* many may esteeme me deare:

In *Judah* none but *Boaz* knowes me here.

An Eagle ever kinder then a kite,

A Lion then a wolfe, though more of might,

* *Boaz* speech.

Like

Like that kind glasse that takes his marks amisse,
 Pronounces beauty where no beauty is.
 To *Ruth* that *Boaz* hath this kindnesse shown,
 'Tis not *Ruth's* goodnesse: no, 'tis *Boaz* own.
 Thou err'st deare damsell, *Boaz* streight replies,
 Vertue breaks out, that under embers lyes.
 In vaine thy modest, mind conceales thy worth:
 In ev'ry street our *Bethlehem* rings it forth.
Naomi th' object of thy pious care
 To trumpet out thy vertues doth not spare.
 She tells how since thy husbands daies were done,
 What fair respect from thee her meannesse wonne.
 Thy father left, thy mother how forgot,
 Country forsaken, as if country not:
 Kindred and friends foregon that were thine own
 A people strange to come to, 'fore unknown.
 These vertues chained in a lovely spheare
 Came full, came undivided to mine care.
 How could thy parents thus be under-trod,
 Unless to rest thee under th' wings of God?
 Rest find thou there, abundant recompence:
 Ever be *Israels* God thy firme defence.
 As when the gentle streame ore'flowes his banks,
 At his returne the meddow gives him thanks,
 Spreads her green robe; & plats her flowry crown,
 So *Ruth* reviv'd spreads *Boaz* his renown.
 Let me find favour of my gracious Lord,
Ruth's speech.

Like

B 4

Since

Since comfort to me thy kind lips afford.
Although thy handmaids I come farre behind,
Yet let thine handmaid favour with thee find.
Dinner growes on: and to an homely feast
Boaz bids her must be his chiefest guest.
Dry bread will down, when hunger raignes within,
And vineger to dip dry morsells in.
Ruth by the reapers modestly doth sit:
Boaz she dares not to come nearer yet.
Yet *Boaz* kindnesse unto *Ruth* extends
Parch't corne to reach her, toward *Ruth* he bends.
This simple fare the damsell gives content,
Shee eats her fill, layes up what was not spent,
Like him from her whom after ages bred,
That sav'd the scraps after five thousand fed.
Her dinner done, her labours not at end.
Some gleaning houres must this she gleaner spend.
Stomacks like rivers after floods doe ebbe,
Her mother must be sharer in her webbe.
Shee's sout of *Boaz* eye, not out of's care:
Boaz to warne the young men doth not spare.
Afford this damsell all the grace you may,
Goe when she will, and when she will not, stay.
Among the sheaves if that she chance to stray
Reprove her not, nor turne her not away.
Your hands corne-fill'd let ever open be,
Some thing let fall, for her necessity.

Let

Let fall for nonce what she may after gleane,
But from rebukes let her be alway cleane,
Heavens bright lamp begins for to decline,
Ruth at her labours never doth repine.

Night must beat out what day hath gather'd in.
Barly an Ephah did hard labour win.

Look how the reapers when the corn is down,
Forake the fields to lodge it in the town:

Vpon her back her gather'd corn she reares:

Her burden homeward to the Citie beares.

Naomi must be witnesse of her store,

To her she shewes what she had glean'd before:

What from her dinner leavings might arise,

That forth she brings her mother to suffice.

The mothers love the daughters lot enquirest

To know the place she glean'd in, she desires:

Perceives her burden did by favour grow,

Blesses the man, that would a stranger know.

Ruth from her mother nothing can conceale:

The place, the man to her she doth reveal.

*Boaz, kind Boaz is his noted name,

With whó I wrought: I will not wrong his fame.

The daughters tale the mothers heart delights,

To heare, on her how Boaz kindnesse lights.

*Blest be that man of Israels mighty Lord:

Heaven and earth to blesse him still accord:

Thus kinde was Boaz to my husband dead,

Thus kind is Boaz now his life is fled.

*Ruths speech. *Naomies speech.

The

RUTH REVIV'D.

The dead his kindnesse did full often prove,
 The living have the reliques of his love.
 It joyes my soule to think a man so good
 So neer ally'd, so streightly joyn'd in blood.
 Kindred we haue abroad in *Judah* spread:
 Scarce one alive so neer unto the dead.
 Deny't who list: his kindnesse I confesse,
 With speed replies the faire *Moabite*se.
 Nor will his kindnesse till his harvest end:
 Till then he bids me on his young men tend.
Naomi likes of *Boaz* kinde advise:
 Perswades her daughter not to be too nice,
 But with his maids to spend her harvest paines:
 In fields unknown a woman wrong sustaines:
 Where ev'ry Boore, and ev'ry country clown
 In words can tread a strangers credit down,
 Deale ill with Damsels, and the poore repell,
 When God with them hath dealt exceeding well.
 No more of *Ruth* till harvest done we heare:
 With *Boaz* maids in field she doth appeare:
 Till Barly cut, till all the wheat be down,
 She lodges with her mother in the town.
Boaz his crop no farther will extend,
 But *Ruth* begins, where *Boaz* makes an end.
 Her tender mother in her carefull minde
 Casts many a project, untill one she finde.
 The project found the secrets of her heart

To

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 *Naom

To her deer daughter straight she doth impart.
 *My dearest *Ruth*, whose most laborious hand
 Hath been my stay, and pillar in each land,
 That hast more kindnesse to a step-dame shown,
 Then ever did my children to their own:
 Shall I not seek thy rest, thy lasting peace,
 That labour's ended thou maist live at ease?
 A widdows life is like a carcase dead,
 Or monster-like a body without head,
 To loving husbands they that coupled be,
 From many a sigh, from many a teare are free.
 The time it selfe doth favour our desires.
 The season with our wishes best conspires,
Boaz, rich *Boaz* (this night is his houre)
 Winnowes his barley in his threshing floure.
 He with whose maids thou in the field hast been;
 He who him selfe to us is neer of kin:
 With fairest water wash thy sayrer eyne:
 Anoint with oyle thy face to make it shine:
 Put on thy rayment: in thy Summer weed
 Down to the floure, to *Boaz* floure with speed.
 Shew not thy face, within some corner hide,
 Till's eating's done, till's drinking, be not spi'd.
 When day is done, and sleep shall close his eyes,
 Observe the place where weary *Boaz* lies.
 Thither goe in within the silent night,
 His feet uncover, banish feare with light,

* *Naomi's* speech,

Th

There lay thee down not far from *Boaz* side.
 His love will tell thee what shall thee betide.
 Now least my meaning thou misunderstand,
 And think't immodest what I doe command,
 Know 'tis the care of Israels mighty king
 By wholsome laws his people rest to bring.
 While *Chemosh* cares not for his servants fame,
 But with their carkase rotten leaves their name,
 Gods love is such that when his people dye,
 Their name must live in their posterity.
 Here needs no marble pillar to preserve
 Their fame alive, the living God that serve.
 The neereft kinsman must the widdow wed
 To raise up seed in whom may live the dead.
Mablon is dead, but *Boaz* is alive,
 Whom yeares ere now invited have to wive.
 Wealth was not wanting, nor good parts of mind.
 But God till *Ruth* no wife lets *Boaz* finde.
 Goe on and prosper: feare not: be not coy:
 Thy winter's past, thy sommer smiles for joy.
Ruth all this while attends with open eares:
 Her mothers love, her words in mind she beares.
 No word in vain from that lov'd mouth can fall,
 Her will she follows, her commandments all.
 Her best attire her body doth adorne:
 No count'nance sad, no longer *Ruth* forlorne.
 At *Boaz* floore she waits for *Boaz* leasure:

Poore

Poore *Ruth* attends to know great *Boaz* pleasure.

Hard harvest labour, for to free the earth

Of her rich burden still should end in mirth.

They who the good man with their labour grac't,

Harvest now done must of his bounty tast,

A feast may well become a threshing floore:

Why not as well as any Princes bowre?

Where lives sustainers choise are gather'd in

There for to feast cannot be counted sin.

The Bee that brings sweet hony to the hive,

Must hony-fed be, or will never thrive.

The painfull Oxe that out the corne doth tread,

Must not be muzl'd by the sacred read.

The reaper poore is *Boaz* richest guest:

Boaz himselve must with his reapers feast.

He eats, he drinks, sad sorrow's put to flight,

Till heart grow cheerefull, till his spirit's light.

The day is gone, the world hath lost her light,

And *Boaz* eyes his body bid good night.

A place he seeks his weary bones to rest:

The corn heaps end doth please his fancy best.

Ruth marks his fall, for that must be her rise:

His care-freed minde no danger could surmise;

She softly follows with a silent pace,

His feet uncovers, lies down in the place.

At mid-night *Boaz* sleep begins to fayle:

At mid-night *Boaz* heart begins to quaille,

He

Poore

He turnes his body like a man agast;
 Perceives a woman at his feet at last,
 His upright soule that did no ill intend,
 Affrighted museth what may be the end,
 Cryes out amazed, what art thou so neere?
 Tell me with speed, what makes a woman here?
 Shee that left *Moabs* Idols for Gods truth,
 Answers againe, here lies thy servant *Ruth*:
 Thy garments skirt upon thine handmaid spread
 Thou neere deere kinsman of my husband dead.
 The fact so strange doth *Boaz* fancy move,
 And sets on worke the engines of his love:
 Her chaste desires his firme affection meets:
 In kindest words his lovely *Ruth* he greets.
 My daughter deere we shall full well accord.
 Blessed be thou of the all. pow'rfull Lord.
 Some love a while, whose latest love is worst.
 Thy later love's farre greater then thy first.
Mahlon the guide of thy faire tender youth
 Might look for love from his beloved *Ruth*.
Naomis more then mothers tender heart
 Might well, in *Ruths* affection beare a part.
 But what can *Boaz*? what hath *Boaz* done?
 What fact of mine hath thy sweet favour wonne?
 Brave *Bethlems* borders many more admit
 Whose yeares with *Ruth* then *Boaz* better fit.
 'Tis not my wealth withdraws thy constant mind:

True

True love sets yeares before, and wealth behind:
 Or if thine eyes for gold or silver long,
Bethlem hath men as rich, and yet more young.
 The choise of them might haue bin thy faire choise
 How oft I heare the peoples sounding voice?
 The *Moab* damselfs vertues are so rare,
 With them no wealth in *Bethlem* may compare.
 Feare not my daughter: be not thou dismayd.
 What thou requests, shall never be denaid,
 Perswade thy selfe, *Boaz* cannot withstand
 So rich a jewell prefferd to his hand.
 I must redresse thy smart, relieue thy want.
 So *Moses* bids: so God requires: I grant.
 But righting thee I may another wrong.
 The law's for thee: the law's for t'other strong.
 That rich content I from thy love expect
 There's one thing yet may happen to reject.
 A kinsman neer my selfe I doe confesse,
 But one more neer my kindnesse may repress.
 No long delay thy sorrows shall encrease.
 Ere sun set once thy widdow daies shall cease.
 Take but this night, this lodge what shelter lends,
 The following day shall make thee full amends.
 My mornings work shall end this strife and suit
Ruth shall haue comfort, *Mahlon* shall haue fruit.
 If neereft kinsman to performe delight
 His part, let not invade anothers right,

But

But if some cause, which I cannot conceive
 Him of his intrest, me of fraud bereave.
 The kinsmans part undone shall not be left,
 Nor I of *Ruth* for ever be bereft.
 And if my promise may not faith require,
 Or if thy frailty greater pledge desire,
 That oath I sweare, that I will never break
 As sure as God lives. Ile doe what I speak.
 Lye down till morning, sleep and be at rest.
Ruth takes his counsell, for she thinks it best.
 Down at his feet till morning still she lies,
 From whose sweet mouth her comfort did arise.
 Though nought amisse, *Ruth* loth light should deltry
 What night had cover'd, least the scornfull eye
 Of dainty dames her modesty should taxe,
 Ere one could t'other know, away she packs,
Boaz his credit is to him as deare,
 Let no man know there was a woman here.
 Or that this floore hath lodged more then one;
 Quoth *Boaz* parting to his *Ruth* alone.
 O modest age: O persons worthy writing.
 O man admir'd: O woman worth reciting!
 Whose care's to fly the baits of secret sin.
 To seem faire outward, to be faire within.
 Some painted sepulchers our daies produce,
 Better by far at doctrine, then at use:
 Whose fained shewes doe give the world content.

Whose

Whose bosom finnes doe call for punishment,
 Some oyster like are licourfull within,
 Whose knotty shell makes think them full of sin.]
 Whose indiscretion and neglect of fame,
 Makes them to slight the treasure of good name.
 A good, a wise man harbours in his brest
 A loyall heart to great *Iehovahs* hest:
 Carries discretion printed in his face:
 With God, with men, in favour lives, and grace;
 My muse recoyles to view the kind farewell,]
 The parting passage 'twixt them that befell.
 Back must *Ruth* beare, what *Boaz* gives for meat-
 Empty she came, but full she must retreat.
 A comely veile, and covering he espies,
 That *Ruth* adorne, that hides her modest eyes.
 That veile he calls for, bids her hold it out;
 For other purpose then 'twas brought no doubt.
Ruth holds her veile, as *Boaz* did command,
 The barley heape's beside them hard at hand.
 Six measures *Boaz* measures of his store.
 Give what he will, he measures it before
 His gift beares witness of his lib'ral heart;
 No niggard he senselesse of others smart.
 Nor yet no waster, but as wise as kind,
 Knows what he gives, knows what is left behind.
 Her strength too weake to lay it on her back
 Needs *Boaz* hand, his helpe she shall not lack.

Whose freest heart can give what *Ruth* doth need,
 His humble hand can lay it on with speed.
 The day drawes on : She to the towne retires.
 Her aged Mother at her load admires.
 So quick returne her mind could nor expect.
 She feares poore *Ruth*, rich *Boaz* did neglect.
 Perhaps the sun had yet withdrawn his light,
 Perhaps the day not quite o'recame the night,
 Or some imposture the old woman feares:
 Or else her eyes are duller then her eares.
 Of *Ruth's* soft pace she heares the silent sound,
 Wonders who treads so softly on the ground.
 Lifts up her trembling voice, amazed cries,
 Who! What art thou confront'st my dazled eyes?
 The Daughter startled at so strange a note
 suspects her Mothers aged senses dote,
 Muses her face should be no better knowne
 To her, to whom such kindnesse she had showne.
 Purposing yet to pull her Mother out,
 And to resolve her of her needlesse doubt,
 All *Boaz* acts in order she unfolds,
 No cause of swift returne from her witholds.
Boaz last bounty must not be forgot.
 Her body minds it, if her mind did not.
 Her shoulders feele the weight of *Boaz* love.
 Reall expressions, words are farre above.
 Least ought amisse old *Naemi* should deem,

Or else light fingred should her *Ruth* esteeme.
 She nothing from her mother will conceale,
 But the whole truth to her she will reveale.
 * My barly burden, which six measures are,
 Loe the faire fruit of *Boaz* tender care.
 Nor for my sake alone is *Boaz* kind:
 He beares old *Naomi* ever in his mind.
 He well considers, Widdowes are forlorne,
 Subject to want, and to the peoples scorne.
 Their friends affection with their husband dead.
 Acquaintance lost, here they be buried.
 I must returue, so *Boaz* doth command.
 I must returne, but not with empty hand.
 Returning full may make my Mother glad:
 So *Boaz* thinks, where want may make her sad.
 Her pleasing words, her age-bow'd Mother cheer,
 In whose dead cheeks fresh streams of blood appear.
 On sage experience of great *Boaz* faith
 Grounding her words, thus to her *Ruth* she saith,
 Rest Daughter deere, doe not thy braines molest:
 Sit still, be quiet silence is the best.
 Let Nature worke, let Nature's God dispose,
 A slow beginning makes a happy close.
 The hasty fish, that on the bait doth fawne,
 By line and leasure to the shore is drawne.
 The seed, the spring within the ground interres,
 * *Ruths* Speech.

The later Autumne to the barne preferres:
 As in a kingdomes Theater we see,
 Some men are actours, some spectators be,
Boaz must act what in this scene remains,
 And *Ruth* look on, yet beare away the gaines.
 I know the man, I know his boyling brest:
 What *Boaz* wants, let *Ruth* have quiet rest.
 The matter's great, this day will end it quite,
 Or *Boaz* eye-lids will not close all night.
 Now *Ruth* is charm'd but *Boaz* waking head
 Thinks *Bethlem's* Elders lie too long in bed.
 He leaves the flore, he leaves the corne, the fields,
 To see what comfort *Bethlem, Judah* yeelds.
 The seats of judgment in the dayes of yore
 Were ever fastned to the City Dore.
 That all that came within the City gate,
 The Elders faire proceedings might relate.
 This made the Country people love the towne,
 And russet coat doe reverence to the gowne.
 No Chamber order did that age produce,
 No hugger mugger justice for abuse.
 No puny Iudges did those times disgrace,
 Nor no young justice that scarce knows his place.
 The honest Elders all things did define,
 Whose haire did promise skill in Lawes divine.
 Justice as yet within no termes was put,
 Nor in one towne a Kingdomes causes shut,

That

That men from farre might travaile with expence
 To seeke for Iustice long since banisht thence,
 The Elders hard at hand come at a call.
 Soon doe they end the cause they deale withall.
 No suits as then to length of yeares were span,
 But well nigh ended ere they were begun.
 Each City then her City causes scan'd,
 And ev'ry day might for a Law-day stand.
 No great attendance, no great traine, no state,
 No cost, no charge the matter to debate.
 Such is the Court, that Boaz suit must try.
 To Bethlem gate betimes he doth him hie,
 Yet Bethlems Elders courteous Boaz spar'd,
 Vntill his suite for judgment was prepar'd.
 Not lik our common peoples clamorous tongue,
 That cry for justice, where they have no wrong,
 Complaine of Iudges, murmure at delays,
 Whose cause doth merit punishment, not praise.
 No sooner Boaz on his seat was set,
 But least God's purpose should by man be let.
 By comes the kinsman spoken of before,
 No Sarjant need attend him at his doore.
 The swelling Ocean may be driven back,
 And mortall wight forbid the thunder crack.
 Sooner then man can crosse what heavens bode,
 Or bide at home whom God will send abroad.
 Some other businesse brought this kinsman out,

That litle dream'd off *Boaz*, or his doubt.
 Thus while men travaile for what seems them best
 Vnawitting they submit to God's behest.
 The craftyest fox is taken in the toyle,
 Whom hunger drives, but hunter doth beguile.
 No wonder then if simple man each houre
 His thoughts subdu'd find by diviner pow'r,
Ruth's neereſt kinsman *Boaz* quickly spies:
 Come hither Sir, come hither Sir, he cries:
 Sit downe a while: ſo downe a while he ſits,
 Meane while his buſineſſe *Boaz* wiſely fits.
 Ten Elders ſoone he ſummons to the gate,
 To them his cauſe intends he to relate.
 Relate he will: but ſee the Court firſt ſet,
 That ſo his cauſe may quiet audience get.
 The Elders plac'd, his kinsman he ſalutes,
 With meekeſt words the matter he diſputes.
Elimelech's loſſe with ſighes he firſt deplores,
 And God, that *Naomy* laſe return'd, adores.
 * Our brother deere *Elimelech's* now at reſt,
 Who fled that land that famine did infeſt
 In *Moabs* fruitfull ſoyl his duſt to ſhrine,
 His wife reduc'd is. So doth God define.
 The Mothers eyes, the ſons eyes clos'd have ſeen,
 Her heires that might in after times have been.
 Her ſelfe in yeares a waiting for her death

* *Boaz* ſpeech.

Will

Will leave her land, before she leave her breath.
 Into mine eares these tydings lately came.
 That my proceedings might incur no blame.
 Resolv'd I was the matter to impart.
 To see my kinsman from an honest heart.
 My peoples Elders I have gather'd here,
 And Bethlem's dwellers witnesses are neere,
 Buy it then, buy it, and the land redeeme,
 If a Redeemers name may thee besee me.
 But if thy heart incline not to redeem it,
 Or at low price thy higher thoughts esteem it.
 Then let me know the purpose of thy mind,
 Who right of thine my will have set behind.
 The God of might the Ruler of our wayes,
 To whose high doom both heav'n and earth obeyes,
 Thy selfe alone allowes this purchase-buyer,
 And next thy selfe then I, there's no man nigher.
Boaz grave speech his kinsmans heart affects,
 whose mind already on the land reflects,
 He likes the motion, he accepts the offer,
 And to redeeme it makes an ample proffer.
 Little thought he what after would ensue.
Boaz replies, 'tis yours to buy, 'tis true.
 Your title's firme, your case admitts no strife.
 One purchase more yet: you must buy a wife.
 Let *Naomi* get what may her age maintaine,
 An husband *Ruth* of *Moab* must obtaine.

One husband's dead, but yet his name must live
 By seed which God shall to the other give.
 Like them that fish for pleasure, not for need
 For such as in the neighbour rivers breed,
 Count ev'ry fish their owne, that hangs o'th' hook
 But when the line's broke, then they sowrely look.
 The kinsmans face bewrayes his discontents.
 His mouth had spoke it, but his heart relents.
 * I cannot then, I cannot, be it knowne,
 Redeem anothers for to wrong mine owne.
 If any intrest in the land I have,
 Or blood to *Ruth* me any title gave,
 To thee that right, I freely doe resigne,
 Take land, and wife, and right, and all that's mine.
 Happy that people was in Elder times, (crimes,
 Where God's own Law gave judgment on their
 Where no man dies, but he that ever lives,
 Who should succeed him, sentence ever gives.
 How many cares a landed widdow beares,
 How many snares attend upon her cares?
 How many vultures feed upon her state,
 They that have felt it, they can best relate.
 If on the dead God had bellow'd an heire,
 The Mother's care was for to breed him faire.
 If childlesse he, not landlesse went to grave,
 Both land and wife must the next brother have.

* The Kinsmans speech.

The refuse to raise his brothers name,
 Preferring's own above his brothers fame;
 The next in kin must be the next in place,
 Shall refuse on all must light disgrace.
 No sealed writings did that age afford
 To tie the looser sort to keepe their word.
 Yet had they solemne ceremonies then
 To ratify their covenants before men.
 No costly wax, no great expensive seale
 In former times was us'd in *Israel*,
 Redeeming, changing either house or land,
 For to establish, for to make to stand,
 Downe stoopt the man, and off he pluckt his shoe,
 This to his neighbour gave, and this would doe.
 So sure a testimony things to passe,
 That in all *Israel* none surer was.
 The elders practise is the kinsmans guide,
 For *Boaz* safe possession to provide.
 That none of his the compact might undoe,
 He bids him buy it, off he pulls his shoe.
 All times are like, and nothing under Sunne
 Is acted now, that hath not erst been done.
 Behold a man that stoutly can maintaine,
 His right by scripture to uphold his gaine.
 But while some thwarting humour him possesses,
 Some what unseen his former thoughts represses.
 At the battring of some furious gun

Righ

Right truth, and scripture, gaine, and all's undone.
 His end is shame, that did so ill begin,
 Nought but disgrace himselfe, his children winn,
 That must for ever beare this odious scoffe,
 The house of him that had his shoe pull'd off.
 Let all take heed how scripture they doe use,
 Nor for their ends the sacred writ abuse.
 Though at first sight the plot seem nere so faire,
 At fuller view it endeth in despaire.
 Soft I have lost my *Boaz*, in his hight,
 Mee thinks I heare his high triumphing sp'rit.
 Boasting of *Ruth* now falne to his *Lot*,
 As if he had some mighty purchase got.
 * Beare witnessse Elders, witnessse people all,
 What joy to *Boaz* doth this day befall.
Elimelechs totall right, and *Chilions* land,
 And *Mahlons* I have bought of *Naom's* hand.
 But that which gives my mind the best content,
 And that I hope which I shall ne're repent.
 A vertuous wife, *Ruth* the *Moabite*se,
 Once *Mahlons*, now by purchase I possesse.
 My kinsman's wife, and knowes to keepe his own,
 While I the dead endeavour to make knowne.
 In his inheritance his name to raise,
 That in the gates his brethren may him praise.
Boaz in age a comfort may enjoy,
 And dead *Elimelech* father may a boy.

* *Boaz* speech.

What

RVTH REVIV'D.

What joy to *Boaz* doth this day befall,
 Heare witnesse Elders, witnesse people all.
 The good mans joy did please the peoples eare,
 As by their generall clamour did appeare.
 The peoples joy, the Elders joy expresse,
 They all cry out, we all are witnesses.
 The great commander of the universe,
 Whose praise no mortall tougue can full rehearse.
 The woman blesse, into thy house thats come:
 The fruit-creatour give her fruitfull wombe.
 Make her like *Rachel*, her like *Leah* make,
 Which *Israels* house built, that it never shake.
 Doe thou in *Ephratah* thy worth declare:
 In *Bethlehem* doe thou famous works and rare.
 Thy brothers name, and house thou seekst to build;
 God ample seed of this young woman yield.
 Thy sonnes like *Pharez* house let suddenly,
 Whom *Thamar* bare to *Judah* multiply.
 The people's hearty wishes *Boaz* please,
 And he resolves, shall live at better ease.
 From painfull gleaning free to spend her life,
 He brings her home, and she becomes his wife.
 The match to please th' Almighty was begun,
 And God Almighty blest them with a sonne.
 That which frō God some great ones cannot have,
Boaz went in, and God conception gave. (well
 Acquaintance makes men wish their neighbours

Religion

What

Religion knits in bands that farre excell.
 The she spectators of the younglings birth,
 Declare to *Naomi* straight their joy and mirth.
 * Blest be the eternall with eternall praise,
 That hath ordain'd thy husbands fame to raise:
 Thee with a kinsman that this day hath crown'd,
 Whose high renowne all *Israel* shall resound.
 'Tis he that shall recall the times before:
 'Tis he that shall thy youthfull daies restore.
 'Tis he shall be the pillar of thine age,
 When paines, when aches come upon the stage,
 Nor doth him litle to thy thoughts commend,
 The of-spring of so neare, so deare a friend,
 Thy darling, daughters, though in *Moab* bred,
 Not of thy loynes, 'tis 'th' issue of her bed.
 Of her firme love thou hast no cause to doubt.
 Out of thy heart ther's nought can blot it out.
 If God would give thee seaven sonnes for none,
 Above them all thou wouldst prize *Ruth* alone.
 No need there was to her t'endcere the child,
 Within whose breast was fixt the mother mild,
 The child she takes, she layes it in her lap:
 In her old dayes she learnes to give it pap.
 The neighbour women ioy doth so enflame,
 Their care is next to give the child a name.
 Behold, say they, to one that is forlorne,
 To aged *Naomi* a young sonne is borne.
 * The womens speech.

A vertuerare in these our worser times,
 To such an height wherein our selfe-love climbs,
 That litle ioy for neighbours good is shown,
 We scarce know how to thank God for our own.
 Obed the name is, the good-wives impose,
 A servant, so the fountaine doth disclose:
 For *Naomi* must his infant-yeares preserve,
 And in her old age he must *Naomi* serve.
 Take him that oft hath plowd the furious seas,
 Whom many a sea-swelld tempest did disease,
 At length arrived on the safer shore,
 Thinks on the stormes that he hath felt before,
 Looks how the winds doe tesse the fleeting waves,
 Records his fellowes buried without graves,
 Looks on his foot set on the firmer land,
 And to the heavens lifts up his thankfull hand,
 The good old woman in her hight of ioyes
 Seemes to my senses, to advance her voice.
 And to his praise this ditty to compose,
 That in her old daies gave her sweet repose.
 God that framd't me in the wombe,
 God that keptst me to the tombe.
 Prais'd be thy aye-glorious name:
 Men and Angells doe the same.
 First thy love in *Judahs* land,
 And thy ever bounteous hand
 Thy hand-maiden did embrace

Finding

Finding me in sinfull case.
There the tokens of thy love
Did my fresher spirits move:
Fellowes there I had the Saints,
Seats of grace, for my complaints.
Husband there, and sonnes I had,
That my younger yeares did glad.
Till that fearefull famine fell,
Which did all my comforts quell:
Exil'd then in *Moabs* land,
Did my weary members stand.
Husband there and sonnes I lost
So my blessings all were crost.
There was I a wofull wight,
Never in so poore a plight,
Of all meanes and friends bereft,
Heart well nigh with sorrow cleft.
But when sorrows night, was done,
Then arose my comforts Sunne.
Plenties, plentyes joyfull sound,
Brought me backe to *Bethlehems* ground.
Here liv'd I and *Ruth* in want,
Strangers friendship find but scant.
Thou that never didst me faile,
Wealthy *Boaz* didst assaile.
Thou that by thy power divine
Dost the hearts of Kings encline.

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Thou

Thou the God of sacred truth
Boaz mad'st in love with *Ruth*:
 Thou didst blesse their marriage bed,
 For they in thy feare did wed.
 Thou an *Obed* didst bestow,
 Service that to thee might owe:
 All the cold of troubles felt
 Heat of *Sodaine* joy doth melt.
 Coinforts store mine age shall have:
 Goe securely to the grave.
 Husband deare I come, I come
 With thee in joy to find a roome.
 Earth hath filld me, now no more:
 I have been both rich and poore.
Pharez *Hezron* did beget:
 In his stead *Ram* *Hezron* set:
Ram, *Aminadab* he left:
Nahshon he, of life bereft,
Salmon he was *Nahshons* heire:
Boaz his: a worthy paire.
 He my litle *Obeds* fire,
 Whom the next age will admire.
Iesse of this tree's the fruit,
 Royall *David* with his lute:
Solomon the wisest King
 Many more whom fame will sing.
 Thou great God the God of praise,

Thou

Such

Such a race of Kings wilt raise.
Of this little infants seed,
As the earth did never breed.
What speak I of earthly crownes,
He whose kingdome all theirs drownes.
Gods deare lamb, the worlds deare price,
Christ himselfe from hence shall rise.
He 'tis whom my soule desires,
He to whom my thought aspires.
He to whom my spirit flies.
He, she sayes, and so she dyes.

FINIS.